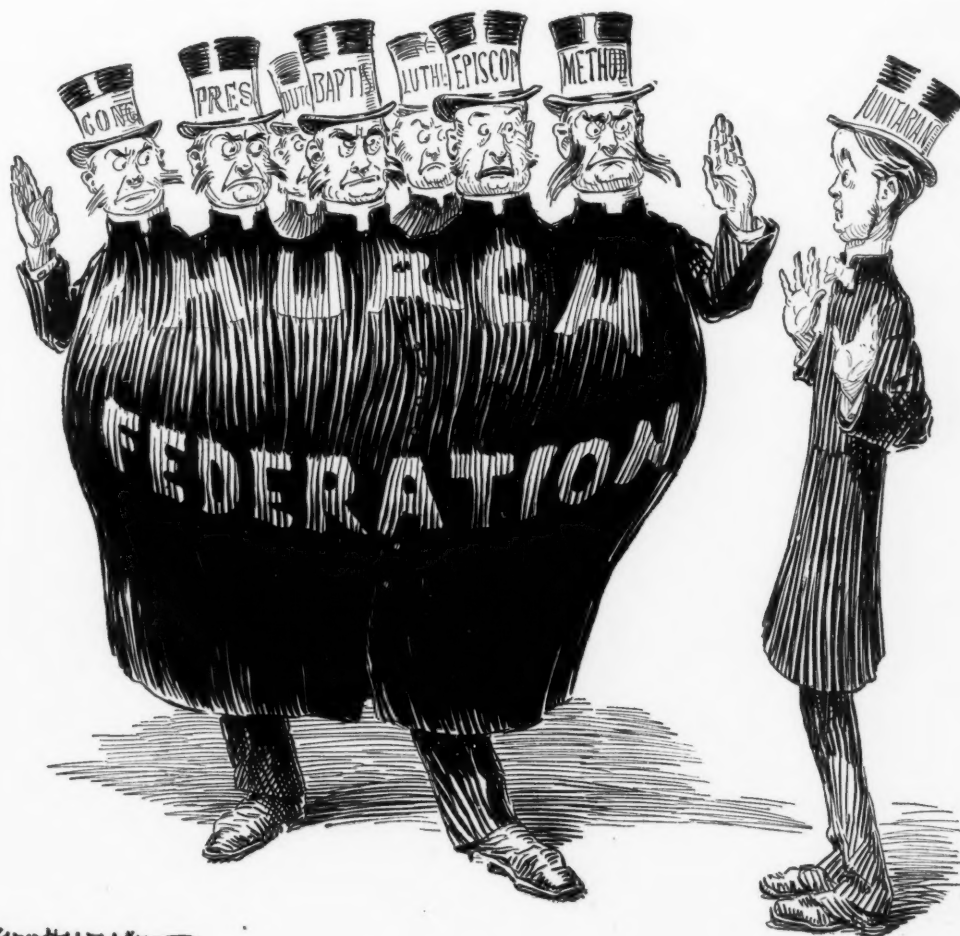


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Miss Club



A CHURCH TRUST?



Election Night
Herald Square

MERIT most often wins in the choice of the American people, and merit is only achieved by long, patient effort towards an ideal. The finished perfection of

MURAD CIGARETTES

is the crowning success of Allan Ramsay's sixteen years of service as government tobacco expert of Turkey. Their exquisite mildness is the result of a delicately harmonized blend; their unrivaled richness is that only possessed by the rarest, ripest leaf.

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BY MAIL POSTPAID—If you can't get Murad Cigarettes from your dealer, send 15c. for ten; 75c. for fifty; \$1.50 for one hundred

ALLAN RAMSAY, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City



· LIFE ·



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All wool fabrics.

Fast color dyes.

Absolute satisfaction or your money back.

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NEW YORK,

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**F. M. ATWOOD,
CHICAGO.**

To Our Contributors

LIFE will pay at the rate of five cents a word for clever short stories, preferably not over 4,000 words in length, accepted for publication in LIFE, payment on acceptance.

Any kind of a story, so long as it is interesting, will be considered.

All manuscripts should be accompanied by a return stamped envelope and be addressed to

The Editor of LIFE,

17 West Thirty-first Street,
New York.

Marked Originality.

THE late General Isaac J. Wistar, of Philadelphia, had a multitude of anecdotes that he could draw on when he desired to score a point or to illuminate an idea.

General Wistar was for a number of years the president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Natural Sciences. At one of the academy's meetings a rather odd and original method of reaching the North Pole was suggested. Of this method the president said, smiling:

"It reminds me of the way two San Francisco friends of mine once took to get rid of some guests.

"These guests came to spend the evening, and didn't know when to depart. My friends were patient with them, very patient; but when 11, 12, and finally 1 o'clock struck, the husband realized that something must now be done.

"He was an original chap, and, in his original way, he looked over at his wife and said, mildly:

"My dear, hadn't we better get up to bed? Our friends may want to be going."—*New York Tribune.*

American Exuberance.

A PROMINENT English statesman who visited this country during the past summer was talking with friends about the national characteristics of Americans, and gave it as his opinion that the Westerner is the most truly humorous of the citizens of the United States.

"Why," said the Briton, in explanation, "a relative of mine who frequently visits the States for purposes of sport tells me that he was entranced by the reply made to him by the proprietor of a hotel in Nebraska when he asked if there were any quail in the vicinity.

"Quail!" exclaimed the proprietor, "I should say so! Why, they've got to be a regular nuisance 'round here. My cook complains that she can't throw a piece of toast out of the window without four or five fat quail fighting to see which shall get on it!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Poor Fellow.

BLSHER is the most bashful man I ever knew."

"How on earth, then, did he come to get married?"

"He was too bashful to refuse."—*Answers.*

For the end of a perfect dinner

BOSS'

Medium Hard

Water Cracker

is as necessary as a good
appetite for the beginning

C. D. BOSS & SON

BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

New London

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Hand-drawn

This Superb Drawing Free

An artistic fac-simile of Otto Schneider's famous portrait of an American girl, done in red chalk, size 12 1/2 x 18 inches, ready for framing, will be sent to any address **Free of Cost** upon receipt of a year's subscription to *The Metropolitan Magazine* at \$1.80. You will receive the magazine for one year and the picture will be forwarded to you, charges prepaid, all for \$1.80. Address the

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Address

PANSY CORSETS



Made in white Coutille and Embroidered Batiste with front and side garters attached.

The new straight front gives the waistline a rounder and smaller appearance. Has medium high bust. Sizes 18 to 25. Price, Contil e, \$13.50; Embroidered Batiste, \$17.50.

The latest models in this well-known French Corset are now displayed at "The Linen Store."

They are hand-made in Paris and finished in a variety of materials.

Expert fitters are always in attendance, to insure to each customer a perfect fit and a suitable, comfortable corset. When necessary, alteration can be promptly made.

Priced at from \$6.00 to \$28.00.

In this department we offer also a very beautiful and select assortment of fine French hand-made Lingerie.

The especial attention of our patrons is called to the *new direct car service* from the Grand Central Station through Fourth Avenue and across 23d Street, thereby reaching "The Linen Store," without change.

James McCutcheon & Company
14 West 23d Street, New York



Brownsville Water Cracker

The cracker that stands alone is the

"The Cracker with Brownsville on it."

MADE for fifty-five years as a cracker should be made, of the best materials, mixed by men who **SIMPLY MAKE CRACKERS**, and baked in an old-fashioned brick oven—no wonder the Brownsville Water Cracker has a flavor of its own—crisp, crackly, delicious. One taste means wanting more. Packed in one and ten-pound tins and for sale by any grocer who keeps the best. Made by

CHATLAND & LENHART
Brownsville, Pa.

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac
(Founded 1715)



AND

**FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES**

**GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE**

Sole Agent
G. S. NICHOLAS
New York



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
Established 1840
ABERDEEN

"Liqueur Scotch Whisky"

"Three Star Whisky"

These whiskies are guaranteed to be absolutely pure, old and mellow.

Distilled, matured, and bottled in the Highlands of Scotland under Government inspection.

REPRESENTED IN } **E. LAMONTAGNE & SONS**
THE U. S. BY } 45 Beaver St., New York

LIFE



\$100,000,000.

Diary of an Insurance President.

MONDAY: Things were dull to-day. All I did was to raise my salary.

TUESDAY: Got a letter from a policyholder to-day complaining that his dividends were steadily decreasing, although he was paying more money than ever. Some people are never satisfied. Raised my salary.

WEDNESDAY: My youngest daughter is engaged to a man out of a job. I told them they would have to begin in a small way, and that I couldn't start him on more than \$10,000. This necessitates my own salary being raised again—much to my chagrin.

THURSDAY: Took a look over the surplus this morning. It's almost greater than I can bear. Shall simply have to raise my salary in self-defense.

FRIDAY: Twins. Both boys. Have started them on \$25,000 a year. This ought to keep them in clothes until next meeting. Am thinking about having my own salary raised.

SATURDAY: Directors' meeting. One of them offered me some advice, and I fired him. He promised never to do it again, and I took him back. Nothing much done to-day except buying out two legislatures and a campaign committee. Premiums greater than ever. Family salary raising—including myself.

SUNDAY: Fine sermon to-day. Text: "The Wages of Sin is Death."

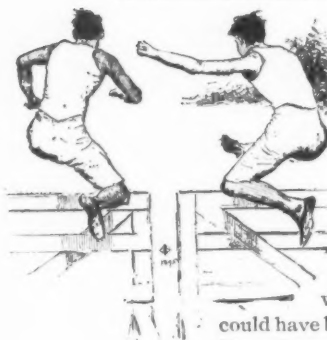


"DO YOU PLAY GOLF?"

"NO, INDEED. EVER SINCE MY POOR BROTHER JOINED THE FRANKFURTER LINKS, I'VE HAD A PERFECT HORROR OF THE GAME."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XLVI. NOV. 9, 1905. No. 1202.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE whole country has taken a lively interest in the election in New York and the proceedings have turned out to be a good deal better worth watching than could have been anticipated.

Mr. Jerome's candidacy has been deeply stirring. His prospects unquestionably improved in the fortnight before election. A vast deal of work was done for him, and by him. Mr. Flammer's retirement from the Republican ticket increased the momentum of Mr. Jerome's candidacy, and at this writing, with election day still in prospect, it seems a good deal more possible that the enthusiasm in his favor may overcome the extraordinary difficulties of electing him.

It has been a hard campaign for the bosses. Mr. Ivins cut loose absolutely from Odell, and the only doubt about the election of McClellan was concerned with the question how many votes his association with Charles Murphy would cost him. Colonel McClellan has been a very engaging candidate. Of all the nominees he has seemed, personally, the most fit to be Mayor, and besides that, he is the sort of man that Democrats have reason to be glad to see advance in the public service. It has been impossible to feel the same enthusiasm about him as about Jerome, nevertheless it is a most important concession to decency that Tammany should have felt constrained to renominate him. He will get the votes of men as upright, wise and independent as any in New York; the votes of men who, recognizing that New York is a Democratic city, consider that the continuance of McClellan in office is as valuable a reformatory

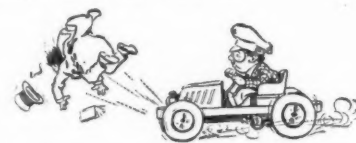
influence as any man's vote for Mayor can promote. Mr. Ivins, if elected, would doubtless prove a vigorous reformatory administrator, and we would all enjoy seeing him get to work. But Mayor McClellan stands for an insidious righteous influence continually at work to medicate the corruption of Tammany Hall. What Mr. Hearst really stands for, Heaven knows, but it will be interesting to count his votes.



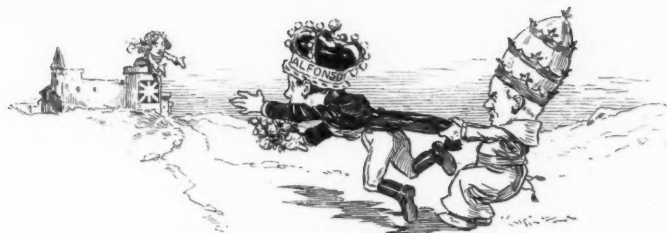
IT looks a little as though a sufficiently large proportion of our population had got cross about football for something to be accomplished about its reformation. The Rules Committee is now almost as heartily execrated as the United States Senate. The oracles of the committee are not personally known to any considerable number of people, and it is as well that they should not be, for the sentiment about them tends more and more to assume the tone which finds its natural expression in the throwing of rotten eggs. Folks whose boys get more than reasonably hurt more than reasonably often in football feel harshly towards the Rules Committee, and want the oracles turned out and their places filled by new appointments. They want the appointing power to rest either with President Roosevelt or President Eliot. Some parents think Commodore Gerry ought to be on the committee. As to that, feelings differ, but the sentiment is general that the present committeemen are a lot of dodoes who do not know a felt want when they see it, and that they should be turned out and their powers transferred to persons who enjoy the confidence of the community.

It is noticeable that there is no important demand for the abolition of football, but only for its reformation. The game is greatly valued. It has fairly won its way. The clamor about the rules is characteristic of our national habit of shouting for legislation every time our national shoe pinches in a new place. The football rules probably do need amendment, but the main trouble is that such rules as

there are do not govern the players. It is like the case of the railroads and the call for railroad rates legislation, because the anti-rebate law has never been enforced. As a people we seem at present to be singularly fond of laws and rules, and singularly indifferent to their enforcement. They make handy hurdles in our steeplechase of life, but that is not really what they are for. A general elevation of our standards of conduct—governmental, in business and in sport—is very much needed, and is, apparently, under pretty good headway in many directions. The movement for an honester administration of cities, the investigation of the Departments in Washington, the prosecution of land thieves and timber thieves, the agitation against railroad rebates, the investigation of the life insurance companies with its bearing on all corporations, with legislative corruption as a side issue, are all signs of impatience with our national propensity to play every game to win without regard to rules. The way our boys play football is the way our men play the game of business. Results are everything: methods are of minor importance. Football players are deliberately trained to violate the rules when the umpire is not looking, and to disable an antagonist if they get a chance. The rules may be imperfect, but the spirit of the game needs amendment more than the rules do.



IT was painful but salutary to have our newspapers report so generally the sad experience in Paris of our young fellow-countryman, Mr. Shepard, who, having run down and killed a child in his automobile, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment in a French jail. Automobilists who need the lesson must be taught to be extremely chary of taking chances with human lives. It is, of course, embarrassing for anyone to kill a child, but the dread of embarrassment does not suffice to make all motorists careful, and with such persons the dread of imprisonment may be more effectual.



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE &c.

October



ACCORDING TO THEODORE.



LADY ANGELS NOT ADMITTED.



"IT"



THEIR 100th ANNIVERSARY.



HEAR YE! HEAR YE!



NAUGHTY!

F. T. RICHARD.

Soliloquy of the Wraith of Poe.

(Upon receiving the announcement of the rejection of Poe's name from the Hall of Fame.)

FAREWELL! a long fare-
well, to all my greatness!
This is the state of Art: to-
day man creates
Word pictures for a few;
to-morrow, many,
And all the world bows
down before his cult;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, surely
his
Fame for all time is assur'd, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. The lapse of time
Hath foster'd too great complacency in me.
Succeeding generations' praise hath lull'd
Me into false contentment: too fit reward
At length bore down upon me unawares:
I am refus'd that without which the world's
praise
Is as nothing; and now, a half century dead,
Like the condemn'd spirits at the Styx,
Weary and gaunt with wand'ring, I am com-
pell'd
To thread the airy vastnesses of space
Alone, ashamed, for all eternity.
Vain pomp and glory of this Hall, I hate ye:
A living grief consumes me. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on judges'
favourites!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
to,
That sweet aspect of critics, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Emerson Woods Baker.



"SHE LAID A BED."

BHSander



Jones (to burglar): A', BOY, YOU GOT TH' IDEA ZACTLY, BUT GO EASY. SHE WAKES AT TH'—HIC—DROP OF A PIN.

Announcement!

THE December number of Gusher's Magazine more than justifies its title: the Department Store of the World. It contains 390 pages of advertising, a volume of business never before equalled by any other periodical, and 145 more than in the November issue.

In the November number we had 125 pages of text matter, but appreciating the discomfort it would be to our readers to hold so much bulkier a periodical, we have taken 120 pages out of the usual space allotted to text, leaving in only the publisher's department. The reader will thus be able to enjoy all this advertising in a magazine only

slightly heavier than last month's. *Eighteen Short Stories!* *Four Exposures, showing* unexampled graft in two hundred villages!

All Crowded Out!

A Difficult Course.

FAX: There's a man who is learning self-denial by correspondence.

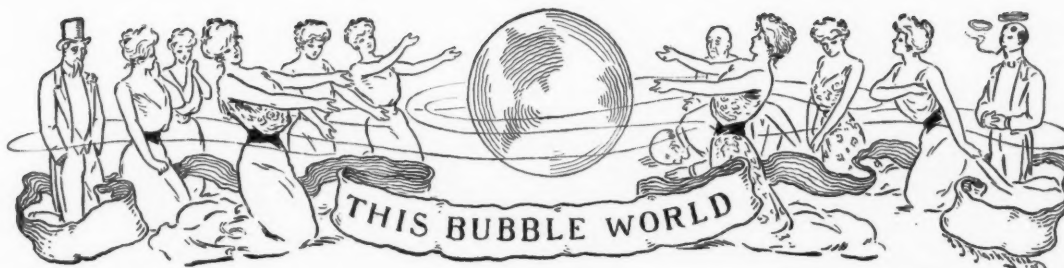
SAX: By correspondence?

"Fact. His wife is down South for the winter, and he has two sons at college."

A Good Supply.

SHE: Where do you get your inspiration from?

THE AUTHOR: From my creditors.



"DID you intend to shoot?" "Not you people, but the tires. I'd take the consequence," added the farmer, "afore I'd allow any darn crazy machine to skeer my hoss and upset my wife."
—*Daily Paper*.

You are wrong, farmer. It is better that a thousand wives should be damaged, than that one autoist should be delayed.

Lyttle was making the turn in his Pope-Toledo car at even better speed, when a passenger train got in front of him at the Mineola crossing, east of the grand stand.—*New York Tribune*.

Passenger trains should be abolished.

"We have had the Silurian, the Devonian, the Trenton ages, and the ages of stone and iron, but this is woman's age," says Charlotte Gilman Perkins.
—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Why so indefinite, Madame?

Mr. McCurdy says insurance companies are not for the purpose of enriching policy-holders. Certainly not. Policy-holders exist for the purpose of enriching insurance companies.—*Houston Post*.

Wrong again. Not the companies, but the officers and their uncles and their cousins, whom they reckon up by dozens, to say nothing of a few Senators and lobbyists.



The Mormon Church Conference has endorsed Mr. Roosevelt as "the greatest President since Washington."—*Rochester Herald*.

Probably because the President agrees with the Church on the subject of race extinction.

Open-work stockings are a menace to morality is insisted upon by the president of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U.—*Chicago News*.

Open-work stockings do not menace general comfort so seriously as the open-work vocal organs of the W. C. T. U.

As a result of an old feud, two Louisiana doctors met the other morning and shot it out.—*Houston Post*.

There was no chance of a fee or they would have cut it out.

Now that President Roosevelt has declared that modern football is brutal, several university presidents have reached the tentative conclusion that some of the features of the game are slightly over-strenuous.—*Rochester Democrat*.

And the general public has awakened to the fact that as a game it is a bore.



Those who live by the knife frequently perish by the knife. For appendicitis and cancer are the two chief diseases caused by flesh-eating, and from these maladies men and women who eat natural and hygienic food, and obey the laws of health, are practically immune.—*Sidney H. Beard*.

Worth knowing, to be sure; but what's to become of our surgeons? Also the butchers.

New York is great in many things, and especially great in its crimes.—*Baltimore American*.

But greater still in its criminals.

This contention that there never was an angel with whiskers looks like a personal thrust at Dr. Parkhurst and Dr. Dowie.—*Washington Post*.

This is not the first time that some rude and irreverent hand has endeavored to pull down our idols. There may be plenty of whiskerless angels, but the trim whiskers of Dr. Parkhurst and Dowie ought to be held sacred.

A butterfly from The Bronx made a trip in the Subway to Fourteenth Street the other day and managed to find an exit to the upper air. Such a reminder of the country and green fields is pleasant to New Yorkers, but it was hard on the butterfly.—*New York Tribune*.

If he had gone as far as Wall Street, he wouldn't have gotten away. There are too many expert butterfly chasers in that region to permit any butterfly a chance for its life.

In judging G. Bernard Shaw's censorious criticism of Irving, it is only charitable to assume that here, as in his other writings, Shaw says the opposite of what he means.—*Chicago News*.

What difference does it make, anyway?

The Government printing office has become a hotbed of extravagance and corruption.—*New York Evening Post*.

Are not these plants thoroughly acclimated, by this time, that we need provide such expensive hotbeds for them?

A German savant says the bite of a pretty girl is as deadly as a rattlesnake's.—*Chicago Journal*.

The pretty girl's for ours.

Up to this time nobody has dramatized the life insurance investigation.—*St. Joseph News-Press*.

No, but McCurdy, Jr., is writing a new version of "Everybody Works but Father."



The spirit of graft which seems to have pervaded the country has made its way into colleges and universities.—*President King of Oberlin*.

The schools have got to be practical. They can't expect to go on forever educating along lines which don't touch contemporary life. Of course, where the endowment permits of luxuries, honesty may still be offered as an elective, for such as choose to dip into purely academic subjects.

Elliott F. Shepard, a grandson of William H. Vanderbilt, receives prison sentence in France for killing a little girl with his motor car.—*Daily Paper*.

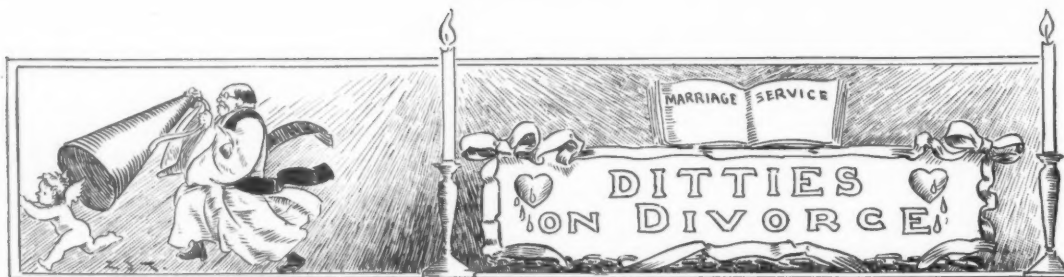
Just for killing a girl! Whew! What an uncivilized people those Frenchmen are!

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Miss Alice Roosevelt reached the White House at ten minutes to five o'clock this evening.—*Daily Paper*.

And now we'll behave quietly, like a nice American girl, and not play the Princess any more.

The world and the country are growing better every day.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

Well, at least we are growing too foxy to be setting up moralities which will simply make rascals of us.



Marriage Is a Sacrament.

"**M**ARRIAGE is a sacrament and therefore indissoluble!"
So the priests and preachers vow, all violently voluble;
And if you doubt, just look about among the married people,
You'll find each home so sanctified it ought to wear a steeple.

There's Jones next door; he's very prone to gross intoxication,
And when he's drunk his wailing wife enjoys a celebration;
With ardent laying on of hands, his spouse he so belabors,
The sacramental ritual enraptures all the neighbors.

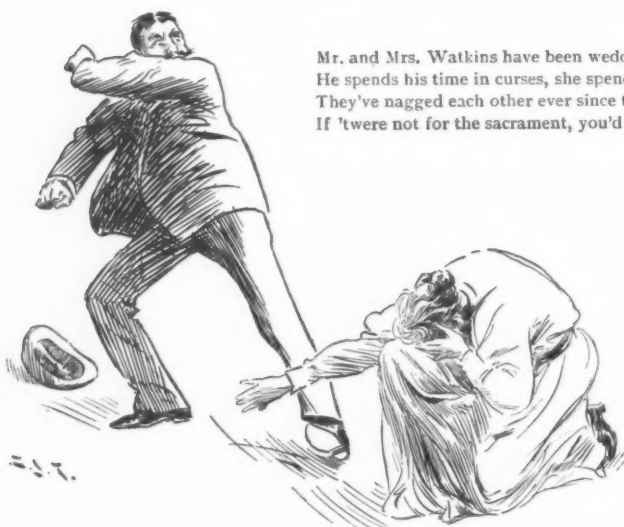


There's William Brown, a doting drudge, devotedly uxorious;—
When he leaves home to seek his desk and tend his tasks laborious,
A handsome caller takes his place—the sin is surely venial.
It keeps the solemn sacrament from growing uncongenial.



"Gay Charlie Clinton has two homes."

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins have been wedded fourteen years;
He spends his time in curses, she spends her time in tears;
They've nagged each other ever since the honeymoon grew sappy
If 'twere not for the sacrament, you'd call them quite unhappy.



"The sacramental ritual enraptures all the neighbors."

Gay Charlie Clinton has two homes; he leads a double life;
His dollars rain to entertain a lady not his wife.
And Mrs. Clinton knows it well, but shows no agitation,
For she has all the sacrament—and that's great consolation.

Poor Mrs. Bolus wed a man who drove her to the street;
He quickly spent her every cent; but she was quite discreet;
Her pious pride chose suicide instead of legal cure;
She thus avoided vile divorce by means more neat and sure.

And poor old Mrs. Mary Hone was driven quite insane,
Because her husband made her slave till life was but a bane;
She put some poison in his tea—a melancholy fact,
And yet at least her action left the sacrament intact.



"She put some poison in his tea."

The sacrament makes beautiful what otherwise were hateful,
And odious and loathsome, too,—we all should be so grateful!
No matter how we disallow commandment number seven,
If we but keep the sacrament, we'll all stay wed in heaven.

We operate for other ills and give a quick quietus
To pain and fever, all the things that end in -oid or -itis:
But household gangrene must be left to flourish on uncurbed,
For when divorce is tried, of course, the sacrament's disturbed.

John Lomax.



"If we but keep the sacrament, we'll all stay wed in heaven."

Ovations.

EVERY now and then word comes to us of the Filipinos tendering ovations to somebody. Do we sufficiently bethink ourselves what this signifies?

Filipinos tendering ovations, or, anyway, what our great newspapers are willing to call ovations, can mean only one thing, namely, that benevolent assimilation has at last got through the hides of these people and seized upon their emotions. They are getting to be like us with a subliminal and not a merely superficial likeness.

No doubt the character of the ovations leaves something to be desired. That these raw Filipinos should be able to make as much fuss as we do, while knowing as little why, was not to be expected. They are new to the blessings of liberty, and naturally handle them more or less awkwardly. We should not forget that it has taken us, with all our fine Anglo-Saxon traditions, more than a hundred years to perfect the art of yelling twenty minutes at nothing without stopping.

The impulsive will say: "Since the Filipinos have done so much, let us modify the tariff to the extent of permitting them the free importation of megaphones." But this, of course, is a delicate matter.

Noblesse Oblige.

MR. ALGERNON GANDERBILL was before Magistrate Bootlicker to-day for having driven his automobile more than a mile a minute, which is the limit of speed under the ordinances, for a public highway.

Mr. Ganderbill was very courteous, putting the Magistrate at his ease almost at once.

A fine of \$10.37 was imposed.

Mr. Ganderbill listened with interest while it was explained to him that the fine was only nominally punitive, its real purpose being the replenishment of the fund for keeping the roadways clear of the debris of collisions, which would soon render them impassable if left to accumulate. He smiled good-humoredly, but made no comment.

Mr. Ganderbill was not accompanied by Mrs. Ganderbill, but a reporter called at the Ganderbill mansion as soon as possible and learned that she wore a pink dressing-sacque, with diamonds.

Chivalry.

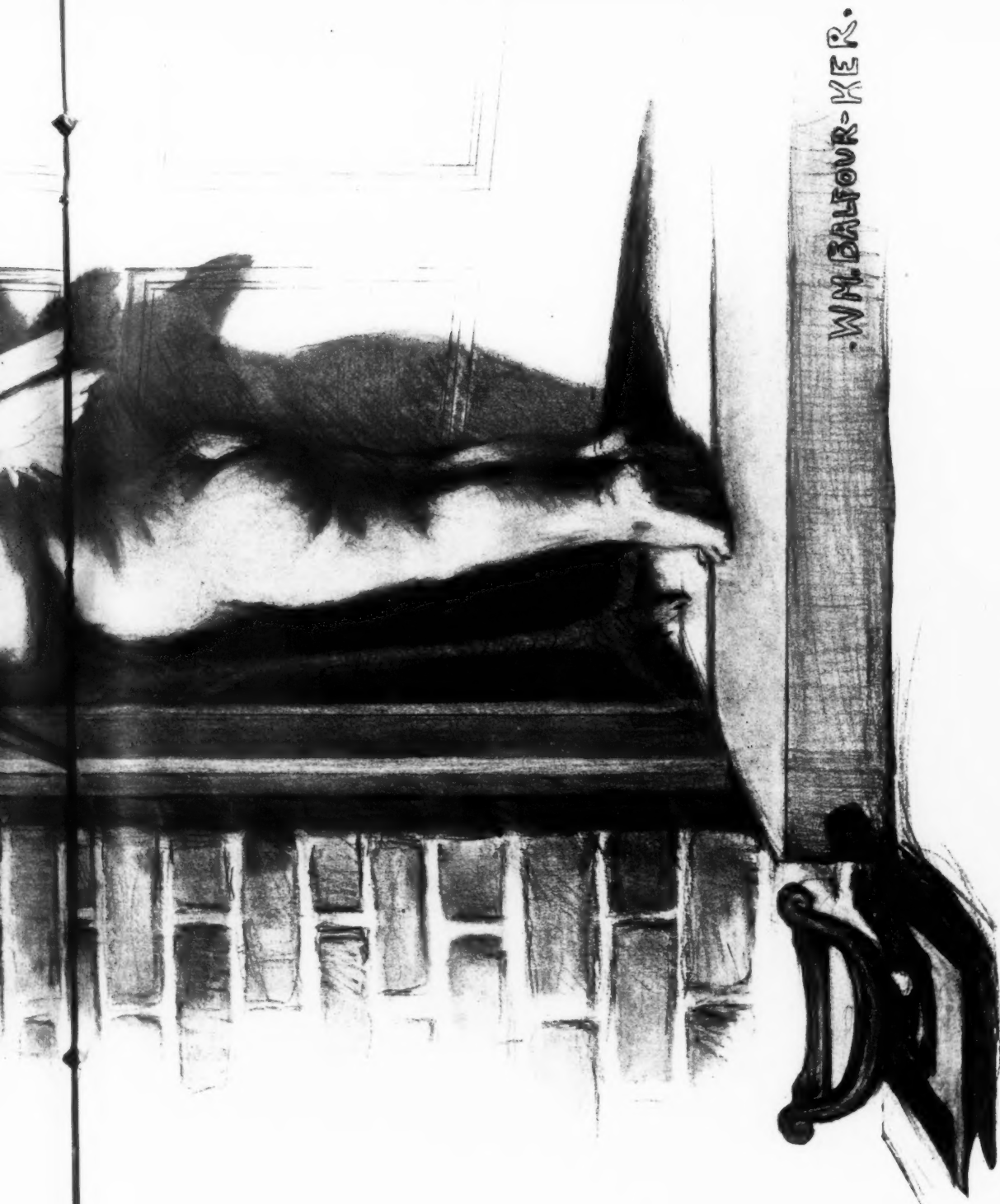
"ONLY ladies," declares the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Henderson, Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago, "are treated with chivalry; women do not receive it from the gentlemen of to-day."

This is not as esoteric as it sounds. Indeed, it is only another way of stating the old familiar truth that gentlemen marry women, whereas ladies are employed by them to cook their victuals.

It is rather a new discovery, however, that the way to a man's chivalry is also through his stomach. Dr. Henderson distinctly enlarges the gastric function, and this is sociologically significant. It brings us a step nearer to that day when the stomach shall have got itself sufficiently into the public eye to be mentioned in the conversation of fairly cultivated persons.

·LIFE·





WM. BALFOUR-KER.

Copyright, 1908, by Life Publishing Co.

THE TATTLE-TALE.

Ah!

SAYS dramatist David Belasco,
Who never has known a fiasco,
"No more call me martyr;
With Warfield, Bates, Carter,
To vanquish the Trust's no hard task O!"

A Misnomer.

FIRST PLAYWRIGHT: The scene of my play is laid on a football field. But I cannot think of a good title.

SECOND PLAYWRIGHT: Why not call it "The Survivors"?

"But there are none."



"What Came Ye Out for to See?"



THERE'S a fool born every minute and fools live long. Hence the preponderance of fools in the living population. And hence the silly to-do made about the presentation of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Mr. George Bernard Shaw is not a fool. Mr. Arnold Daly is not a fool. Mr. Anthony Comstock is not a fool. Mr. Shaw is a clever writer, who doesn't care much what his topic is so long as it attracts attention, and who is one of the shrewdest advertisers of his literary wares that this generation has known. Mr. Daly is not only an actor of merit, but is also a clever showman who has found material gain and loss in the exploitation of the Shaw cult. Mr. Anthony Comstock is a person who delights in making a living from an unsavory business, and who must make himself conspicuous at times to convince his confiding employers that he is worthy of his hire. Far be it from LIFE to suggest that there was any concert in the action of these three men, each moving in his respective sphere, but there is no doubt the production of Mr. Shaw's play by Mr. Daly gave Mr. Comstock an opportunity to project his personality into the lime-light and attract an undue amount of attention from that vast majority of the living population (mentioned above) to a theatrical incident which otherwise would have attracted no more than passing notice, and probably only slender patronage. Among those of the living population stirred up by Mr. Comstock's desire to justify his existence was the Mayor of New Haven who, without any personal knowledge of the play, prohibited a repetition of it in his virtuous city. As we write, Commissioner McAdoo may be taking the same steps to protect the morals of virtuous New York.

NOW LIFE doesn't stand for the production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." There is plenty of other dramatic material to be had which is far more interesting to the majority of the living population. But we are forced into a sort of defence of the production by the public hypocrisy which upholds and applauds so many things in the theatres which are much more demoralizing to the public taste and the morals of the young than this frank and rather solemn discussion of a problem which is continually thrust before the eyes of young and old, man and maid, in every city and in almost every issue of every newspaper in the country. Within a few hundred yards of the theatre where Shaw's play was produced, there is presented nightly another play which is far more explicit in act and language than "Mrs. Warren's Profession." But Mr. Comstock has made no "gallery play" to attract to it the attention of the majority of the living population, and it goes on its way exerting a considerably worse influence than "Mrs. Warren" ever could by its continued performance on the stage or by the notice which has been drawn to the printed version of the play. Nor have the energies of Mr. Comstock and his short-sighted and narrow-minded supporters ever been directed against the host of vulgar and degrading shows which teach their nightly lessons of bad manners and bad morals without a grain of the mental cleverness which marks "Mrs. Warren."

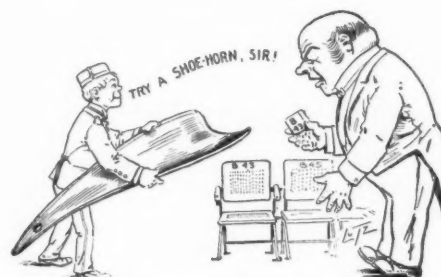
The exaggerated importance of this production is sickening, more as an example of American hypocrisy and foolishness than for any effect, one way or the other, that it is likely to have on public morals.

* * *

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION" is simply one of Mr. Shaw's dramatic diatribes on questions which are as old as humanity. The doors of the theatre where it is performed might safely be thrown open as wide as those of the churches where the same questions are discussed almost as frankly, but certainly not so cleverly. The young person is not likely to take any more harm from the long speeches Mr. Shaw assigns to his characters than from the long sermons preached on the same subjects. That the sins of the parents are frequently visited on the children and sometimes bound back to the parents, we are all aware, young and old, and that because a woman is clad in scarlet she is not, therefore, happy, we also know. The play settles no problem and points no moral. It calls our attention, in a talky way for a play but in a brilliant way for a sermon, to conditions we are all aware of.

The acting of Mr. Daly and his company was very uneven, although always intelligent. Miss Mary Shaw was the *Mrs. Warren*, and, up to the end of the second act, realized the part completely. In the crucial scene with her daughter she carried

her audience with her in every word she spoke and every point she made. But in the concluding act she dropped from the convincingness of realism to a very commonplace plane of staginess, which almost nullified the good work she had done before. Miss Chrystal Herne, as *Vivie*, was a bit too colorless—too womanly—for the strenuous and clearly defined third wrangler Mr. Shaw intended. Mr. Daly, doubtless through the nervousness attaching to the fool circumstances attending the first performance in New York, missed a good many of the points in his lines and

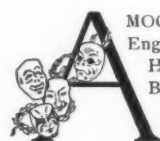


A QUESTION OF THE FITTEST.

situations, but in the main gave a clear-cut picture of the contradictory *Frank Gardner*. Mr. Tyler, Mr. Findlay and Mr. Farren gave excellent portrayals of their rather difficult characters. Mr. Tyler's personification of the British nobleman who is a partner in *Mrs. Warren's* delectable business was on a par with Mr. Findlay's picture of the pompous British prelate.

The first production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in New York was more than anything else notable as an illustration of the power of Mr. Anthony Comstock to stir up a fool public.

* * *



A MOOTED question in the English press is, who is to be Henry Irving's successor? Beerbohm Tree has been suggested, but from anything America has seen of Mr. Tree, either as manager or actor, the suggestion seems rather absurd. Sir Charles Wyndham's and Mr. Forbes Robertson's names have also been suggested, and from considerations of their personal ability evidently with considerably more justification. But why raise the question? Irving's mantle, if it is to be worn at all, will find its place, not through any brief discussion or snap judgment, but by that consensus of opinion which comes with time and the gradual making-up of the public mind. Irving's position in the opinion of the British and American public was one not to be conferred or taken as by right. It was one peculiarly his own, and

which he gained by long and unusual service. It is absurd to talk of conferring it on anyone else.

And those old British grumblers, the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, naturally could not miss the occasion for a growl given by the interment of Irving's remains in Westminster Abbey, comparing his achievements as an actor with Garrick's. We take it that Henry Irving's claims to the position he held at the head of the theatrical world rested, not so much on his accomplishments as an actor only, as on his achievements in uniting the work of actor, scholar and stage-manager. He had the genius which brought together the work of all three in results which have commanded the world's admiration. We may have had better actors, profounder students and more efficient stage-managers, but the theatre has never known the man who joined the qualities of all three with such value to the stage and to such advancement of the theatre in public estimation. Therefore, it is futile to make a comparison of his acting abilities with those of Garrick the basis of a discussion concerning the right of his remains to rest in Westminster Abbey. And in answer to this characteristic growl of the critical weeklies, the British authorities and the public have given their unanimous approval to what is now an accomplished fact, the interment of Sir Henry Irving's ashes in the national mausoleum.

* * *

THAT Mr. Arthur Pinero was once an actor is recalled by the death of Henry Irving. The dramatist's venture was made under Irving's stage management. He was assigned a part in one of the early productions with only two lines to speak. Irving heard him go over them several times, but was not pleased with their rendering.

"Suppose you try them sitting down," suggested the manager.

Mr. Pinero sat down and repeated the speech.

"Now let us try them standing up," said Mr. Irving.

Mr. Pinero repeated them standing up.

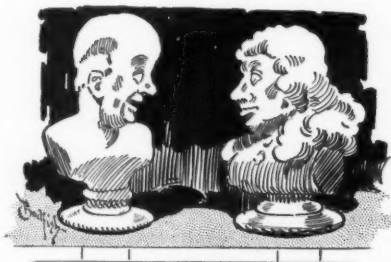
"Now walk about while you are speaking."

Mr. Pinero went over the lines again, meanwhile walking about.

"H'm," muttered the manager, "that will do for the present."

At the next rehearsal Mr. Pinero was notified that his part had been cut out. Which may account for the fact that Mr. Pinero became a dramatist instead of an actor.

Metcalfe.



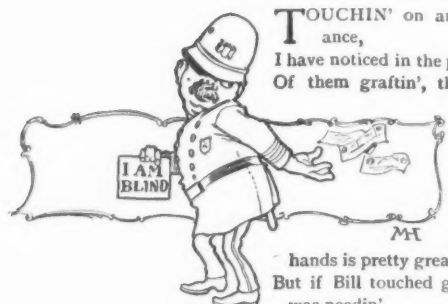
"HOW FORTUNATE YOU ARE, TO HAVE LIVED IN THE TIME OF WIGS."



THE CLASSICS UP-TO-DATE.

BBETTER have your wife with you **A** PUBLIC office is a public distrust.

Fiducial Reflections by a Cop.



TOUCHIN' on and appertainin' to insurance,
I have noticed in the papers the recurrence
Of them graftin', thievin' names applied to every

Big fiducial gent, they
used to hand to Devery.

Graftin' for a cop, is findin'
in' money easy,

As he handles folks whose
hands is pretty greasy.
But if Bill touched good and hard when cash
was needin',

Why, the folks he hit could always stand the bleedin'.

I never knew that graft was philanthropic—
I heard Judge Forster speak once on that topic—
But gents who can have Senators advise 'em
Can take the ten commandments and revise 'em.

I'm just a cop—I ain't no gent nor scholar—
But graftin' rumshops for an easy dollar
Seems honest as against the mighty stealin'
These big gents with the widows' trust are dealin'.

P'raps Devery's morals wouldn't stand debatin';
Bill never wrote no "Get behind me, Satan."
But when we dance for hell's big hurdy-gurdies,
I'd rather dance in Bill's set, than McCurdy's.

Selrahc.



WHILE most of the Baroness von Hutten's writings have dealt with life in unconventional situations, her own inspiration, and the interest of her readers, have been the personalities she has presented and not the state of life unto which it has pleased either God, the devil or the author to call them. Her new book, *He and Hecuba*, suggests no such origin and takes no such hold on the imagination. It is primarily the study of a situation, the solution of a "state of things," and whatever the book may offer of psychological realism or of dramatic combination, it offers nothing of the spirit which we recognize and prize as the Baroness von Hutten's.

Stanley J. Weyman's *Starvecrow Farm* is a good entertainer. It is a romance of the North of England in 1819, the story of a few weeks at a coach-road inn, where a young girl who has eloped and been deserted is stranded under trying and exciting conditions. The many characters are well sketched, the plot holds, and the author is as fluent and as plausible as ever.

Jack London's *Tales of the Fish Patrol* is a volume of honest and workmanlike stories of raids on the Greek and Chinese fish pirates of San Francisco waters. They are

stories of action and therefore interesting, written straightforwardly and therefore readable. But of the real London, of that vicarious subjectivity, that trick of mind which sees its subject, be he Saxon or Chinook, dog or driver, from within rather than from without, they are as free as though they had been written by Mr. Connolly.

Under the title of *Plain Mary Smith*, Red Saunders, the popular cowboy hero of a number of Henry Wallace Phillips's short stories, gives us in his own words the story of his boyhood and early connection with romance in the character of god from the machine. The romance by itself might pass in a crowd, but Red Saunders's way of telling it, and more especially Red's account of what preceded it, place the volume among the brightest of recent boy studies.

The Travelling Thirds, by Gertrude Atherton, would seem to be a patchwork novel, whose pieces, cut from well-worn cloth, are mounted on the author's notes of a trip in Spain, and whose characters have been chosen not so much with reference to a story as to serve either as butts or mouthpieces for Mrs. Atherton's opinions. The result is unatmospheric and would even fail to be entertaining, were it not that human nature, though it be only that of the author peeking from between the lines, is never wholly unamusing.

If Wallace Irwin were neither witty nor up to date, the perfect spontaneity of his verse would of itself have something of the infectious influence of march music and rag time. But Mr. Irwin is distinctly witty, and nothing if not up to date, and his collection of raps and rhapsodies, *At the Sign of the Dollar*, is a most amusing little volume, and one, by the way, of unusually even quality.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's contribution to the Fall fiction, *Rose o' the River*, is a love story of a Maine logging stream which need hardly concern the adult reader. It is a sketch in the water colors of sentiment and character, and as *Rebecca* was a girl's story for grown people, so the present book is a grown-up story for girls.

J. B. Kerfoot.

He and Hecuba. By the Baroness von Hutten. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Starvecrow Farm. By Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.50.)

Tales of the Fish Patrol. By Jack London. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Plain Mary Smith. By Henry Wallace Phillips. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Travelling Thirds. By Gertrude Atherton. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

At the Sign of the Dollar. By Wallace Irwin. (Fox, Duffield and Company.)

Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

Too Soon.

MIKE: Oi'm drowning, Pat!

PAT: Can't ye float?

"Certainly not, ye fule! A feller has to be drowned a week before he kin float."



LITTLE GLIMPSES OF MARRIED LIFE.

Those Tickets.

MR. NEW JERSEY TAKES HIS WIFE AND HER MOTHER TO THE OPERA.



NO FREE BARKS.

"When I was out with an 'Uncle Tom' company in the Southwest," said a well-known knock-about comedian in a Twenty-third street chop house the other evening, "we were a little shy on bloodhounds, so we paid an old Dutchman with a megaphone voice to conceal himself in the wings and start up a loud barking when 'Liza' started across the ice. All worked smoothly for many days, the old man putting up an excellent imitation of a canine bark that fooled the audience every time. It was so natural you could imagine the most ferocious bloodhound in the South was about to devour the fleeing woman on the ice cakes."

"One day, however, our manager held back the human barker's pay, and that night something happened. The scene opened where 'Liza' bids 'Uncle Tom' good-by and rushes out on the ice to cross the river. This is the juncture in which the bloodhounds are supposed to arouse the dead with their dismal haying; but not a sound came from the wings. The stage manager was in a frenzy. Rushing back of the scenes he hunted up the old Dutchman and demanded to know why he was not barking.

"Out wobbled Hans to the footlights, and, bowing clumsily to the audience, he said:

"'Ladies and Shentlemans—I don't mind being a dog ven I vas baid for ut; but I von't be a dog for nuddings. Eider I ged paid yet or dere vil be no barking by Hans Baumgarten to-night.'

"And the old man got more applause from the gallery than 'Uncle Tom,' 'Liza' and 'Little Eva' combined."—*New York Globe*.

HIS FEELINGS WERE HURT.

An Irishman was at work on a hoisting machine that carried hods of bricks to the top of a building, and brought them down empty. Happening to get caught, he was carried to the top floor, and in the orderly but rapid progress of the machine was brought to the ground rather suddenly. A fellow-workman leaned from the second story scaffolding and cried:

"Are you hurt, Pat?"

"You go to the divvle!" shouted Pat. "I passed you twicet and ye niver spoke to me."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

SOME of Darwin's boy friends once plotted a surprise for the naturalist. They slew a centipede, glued on it a beetle's head, and also added to its body the wings of a butterfly and the long legs of a grass-

hopper. Then they put the new insect in a box and knocked at the great man's door. "We found this in the fields," they cried, with eager voices. "Do tell us what it can be." Darwin looked at the strange compound and then at the boys' innocent faces. "Did it hum when you caught it?" he asked. "Oh, yes, sir," they answered, quickly, nudging one another, "it hummed like anything." "Then," said the philosopher, "it is a humbug."—*The Tatler*.



A TRIPLE HORROR.

Sunset Sims: SO YER JESS HAD THREE JOBS OFFERED YER ALL TER ONCE! HOW DID YER FEEL?

Northern Lytes: OH, GOODNESS! JUST LIKE A WOMAN IF SHE SHOULD SEE A GHOST, A MOUSE, AND A BURGULAR ALL SIMULTANEOUS.

They had just finished breakfast, and the woman of the future was about to start down town, when her husband arose from the table, placed his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Dearest," he murmured, softly, "I love you more than words can tell."

"Oh, you do, eh?" she rejoined, suspiciously.

"What is it now—a new silk hat or a pair of trousers?"—*Chicago News*.

LESE MAJESTÉ.

He entered a little unsteadily, blowing on his hands. It was late.

"Frosty," he said. "Frosty, unseas'ble. Brbh! Glass of ale, with some red pepper in it. Must warm up."

He drank the ale. He waved his hand toward a large picture of President Roosevelt.

"Who is that man?" he said.

"You know who it is," the bartender answered, testily.

"Who is it?" he repeated, with a stately, offended air.

"Oh, forget it," said the bartender.

"'Nother glass of ale, an' s'more red pepper,"

He drank. He said:

"Bartender, is zat man Roosevelt?"

"Sure," said the bartender. "Sure."

"Bartender, what you want Roosevelt's picture for?"

"Because he's great. He's a great man."

"Great nothin'. He's a great bluff, bartender. That's all there is to him."

The young bartender flushed. He stooped for the bungstarter. Then he changed his mind.

"Have another ale?" he said.

"Sure," said the visitant.

And at the bartender's expense he drank three more ales, and they finished him. He sank down on the floor. His snores filled the room.

The bartender stood at the door till a policeman appeared. He handed the policeman a cigar and said: "Jack, I have a man in here I want you to arrest. Very disorderly. I'll appear against him in the morning."

Then as the patrol wagon dashed off with its touching burden, the bartender, watching it from the door, murmured: "The President is avenged."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

A PROMINENT politician has a wife who is a model of domestic carefulness. She has a talent for making bread, and takes great pride in having her loaves turn out well.

One evening she had set the batch of dough to rise in the kitchen and was reading in the parlor, when her six-year-old boy came running to her, crying, "Mama, mama, there's a mouse jumped into your bread-pan!"

The good woman sprang from her seat.

"Did you take him out?" she asked, frantically.

"No'm, but I done just as good. I threw the cat in, and she's digging after him to beat the band!"—*New York Times*.

MOTHER: Benny says you slapped him and threw him out of the nursery.

BERTIE: Well, I'm building a peace palace, and he kept buttin' in.—*San Francisco News Letter*.

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· LIFE ·

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The full flavor of Schlitz is unequaled—even in the old world brews.

No barley, no hops, no yeast in existence is better than we use.

Then we double the necessary cost of our brewing to attain absolute purity.

Healthfulness and taste are together in Schlitz.

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded*

Schlitz

The Beer
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GOOD CONGRESSMEN.

A Representative in Congress from the West tells of an amusing request which he received from one of his constituents. "Dear General," the letter said, "for a long time you have failed to send me any bound volumes containing eulogies of dead members of the House. If convenient, please remember me in this respect, for there is nothing that I enjoy more than reading obituaries of dead Congressmen."—*Harper's Weekly*.

HOTEL VENDOME. BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

BROKEN ENGLISH.

English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for a foreigner to learn. The verbs and prepositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in an Eastern college tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my friend, M. de L.—, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions.

"I saw your friend, Mrs. S.—, just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed, since the fever has broken up in her town—"

"Broken out. Will she leave her house alone?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—How do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off? Ah, I had not heard!"

"She is very worried about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right?"

"No; merely broke."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

DR. REED, of Indianapolis, who was in Congress at one time, was opening the Sunday morning service at his church with the usual prayer. While he was in the midst of the prayer a stranger entered the church and took a seat far back.

Dr. Reed was praying in a low note, and the man in the rear, after straining his ears for a while, called out: "Pray louder, Dr. Reed. I can't hear you."

Dr. Reed paused, opened his eyes and turned them round until they rested on the man in the rear. Then he said: "I was not addressing you, sir; I was speaking to God."—*Bretton Woods Bugle*.

"WHAT does your wife think of woman's suffrage?"

"Not much," answered Mr. Meekton. "She believes that a woman who can't make at least one man vote the way she wants him to doesn't deserve to have any influence in affairs."—*Washington Star*.

MR. SUBBUBS: What's the matter? Where's the new servant girl?

MRS. SUBBUBS: Oh, George, it was all a misunderstanding. I told her she had better dust this morning, and the first thing I knew she had dusted.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"My heart is as full as my glass, when I drink to you, old friend."

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

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Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.

Getting an Appetite.

"I HAVE discovered a first-class remedy for loss of appetite," said the gourmet who occasionally has a touch of indigestion and who, when these fits strike him, wouldn't look at the fairest feast that Lucullus ever sat down to. "The best of it is no one told me about it, and although I am none too well blessed with this world's goods, I am willing to give it free to the suffering community. The great beauty of it is that it is cheap. But let me tell you the story. Some days ago I became sick—or thought I was, which amounts to very much the same thing. I couldn't eat. The mere thought of food was like the sight of whiskey to a teetotaler. You couldn't have tempted me with nightingales' tongues on toast, or the most exotic preparations of the royal family of China. So I went home and nursed my indisposition. I carried with me a number of magazines and papers, but it was only a day or so before I had read them all. Still I did not feel any better; still I had no appetite—only an added spell of ennui with time hanging so heavily on my hands. On the third day I was desperate and picked up the magazines again in the hope that something had escaped me. I read the ads. Then I tackled the fashion notes, and by the time I had read a page or so I was sicker. Finally I picked up a copy of the *Young Matron's Guide*, or some paper with a similar name, and began to read the recipes for making various dishes. I went all through the list from prune dumplings to grandmother's chicken potpie, and by the time I got through I was as hungry as a wolf. I put on my clothes and rushed immediately to town. True, I did not get the home-like dishes I had been reading about, but when I had finished a porter-house steak flanked with mushrooms, an order of asparagus, sliced tomatoes, French fried potatoes, rolls, coffee and other things—well, there wasn't enough left to feed a canary bird with the pip."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

A Ripping Dream.

WHEN my uncle first started in business as a general merchant in a country town it was in partnership with a young fellow of about his own age.

Both boys were very enthusiastic about their work, and after long days behind the counter they would go to their room above the store and continue to "talk shop" far into the night.

My uncle's partner was particularly engrossed in his work, and often his sleep was disturbed by dreams of customers and big sales.

One night his nightmare reached the climax. Evidently the dreamer was just in the act of selling some cotton goods, for my uncle felt his nightshirt go "r-i-i-i-p," straight up the back, while his partner was calmly saying,—

"Two yards, Madam?"—*Lippincott's*.

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has been made at the same
distillery for 50 years.

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After C. Allan Gilbert.
Photogravure, 10 by 24 in.

\$2.00.

TWO PICTURES IN ONE.

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It has had abundant blame laid at its door. But—
 Its chiefest fault is—Courage.
 Its chiefest crime—Telling the Truth.
 Its loudest detractors are those who have NOT read it.

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Why not learn the truth for yourself?

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WE can sterilize his bottles, we can boil his little mug;

We can bake his flannel bandages and disinfect the rug That envelops him when he partakes of medicated air. But there's one impossibility that leaves us in despair— And a not unjustifiable alarm, you will allow—

To wit: we fear 'twould never do to sterilize the cow!

We are careful of his hours, we are thoughtful of his toys;

We are mindful of his sorrows, and judicious of his joys;

We are prayerfully considerate of needful discipline, Of our little "Mother's Handbook" and the precepts writ therein;

And we strive to render sterile all designed for mouth or tum,

But one frightful danger menaces—we cannot boil his thumb.

—Harper's Magazine.

JAMES MERRY, a well-known Scottish ironmaster and owner of race horses, once decided to run for Parliament. He stood as candidate for Glasgow. He posed as an extreme Radical, and was prepared to abolish everything in sight, as a short way to reform. At one of his meetings where the heckling of candidates was the feature, as in all Scottish elections, he was asked, after he had disposed summarily of the crown, the House of Lords and most of the British constitution, whether he would abolish the Decalogue. "Certainly," cried the valiant Merry. Then turning to his nearest neighbor on the platform he asked in an audible whisper, "Jock, what in thunder's the Decalogue?"—*New York Tribune*.

Modern Life.

SHE: Is it true that your brother is going to remarry his divorced wife?

HE: Yes. He became so well acquainted with her during the divorce trial that he fell in love with her.—Translated for *Tales* from "Fliegende Blätter."

AN Atchison woman has a horrible secret, which she has never dared tell a soul, not even her own husband, and it is her constant terror that it will be discovered. She visited a friend in an adjoining town lately, and while she met some agreeable people she has found since returning home that she did not meet one of the "society" people of the town.—*Atchison Globe*.

"I HEAR you are at work on a new novel."

"Yes," said the popular novelist.

"Who is to bring it out?"

"I don't know yet. The highest bonus I have been offered so far is only seventy thousand dollars, and unless the publishers show an inclination to be more liberal I may burn it. I can't afford to cheapen my work in the estimation of the public."—*Exchange*.

WE forgot to mention that our office boy's grandmothers have quit dying until next season.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

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Mr. Nestor Gianaclis, himself, has arrived in that city from Cairo.

A factory has been engaged containing 30,000 square feet of floor space.

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"It's the Hair-Not the Hat"
That makes a Woman Attractive

The Unmentionable.

[English anatomy ends with the diaphragm. The mention even of the stomach is not permissible in polite society.—*Frankfurter Zeitung.*]

WHEN rich with peel and plum, a cake
Is fare I'm not allowed to try,
Because it gives me st—

No, reader, no. I'll not say why.
If I should give a plainer hint
You'd faint to see it in cold print.

Though oft I suffer agonies,

Yet, when I mention where, I trow,
Is rarer than a dragon is,

For I'm well-mannered, you must know.
The world would blush for weeks to come
To hear me name my little t—

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Her Search.

THE scene is a drug store, in a busy part of Broadway. When the action opens a pretty woman is demurely turning over the leaves of the city directory.

Enter an irascible old man, who wants to find the address of a fellow who owes him money. He stands and waits impatiently, filling in the time by coughing suggestively.

A business man in a hurry follows. He wants to know where John Brown lives. It is in the next street, but he has forgotten the number. He falls in line.

Then a man who seeks some city official, but knows nothing of his office except that it closes within a few minutes, joins the ranks of the waiters.

Half a dozen others who wish to consult the directory gather around. Still the woman placidly turns leaf after leaf over, without evident intention to decide whether the name she seeks is Brown, Jones or Walker.

When there are fully half a score fuming, impatient people in line, enter a newspaper reporter. His mission will positively admit no delay, so he politely offers to assist the woman, suggesting that his experience may tend to save time and lessen her labor. When he asks her what she seeks, with a sweet smile of thankful appreciation, she says:

"Oh! Thank you. You are very kind. I am trying to find a really sweetly pretty name for my new boy baby!"—*K. C. Independent.*

Unappreciated.

JIMMIE is at the age where the form pales before the substance. At the last party he went to, the principal dainty of the supper was delicate creamed chicken served in pretty frilled paper cases. On his return he was put through the usual catechism.

"And what did you have to eat?"

"Huh! nothin' but hash in candle-shades!"—

Harper's Magazine.

IN a Glasgow street the other day a Scots Gray went up to a bootblack and asked to have his boots brushed. The boy looked at the soldier's boots, and then shouted to one of his chums who was not far off: "Haw, Jamie—come an' gie us a haun'; 'ave got an army contract."—*San Francisco News-Letter.*



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Ethel (aged nine, anxiously): BUT DO YOU THINK YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE A MILLION BEFORE THEN?



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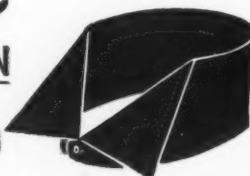
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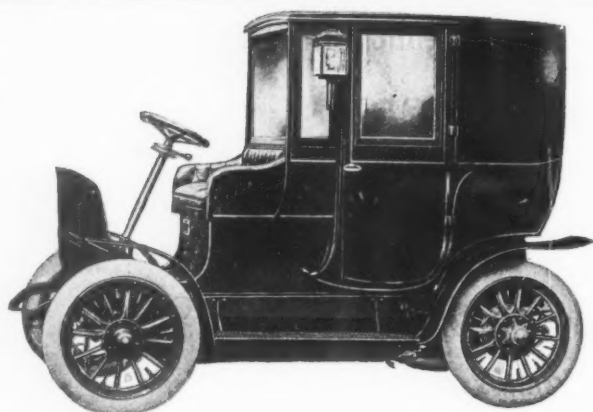


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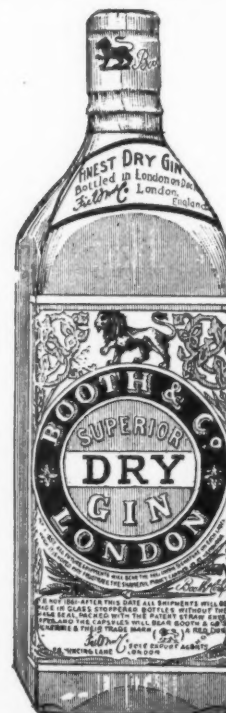
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